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NEW BUILDING.

THE TWINS.

"Dem chillun," said Aunt Beeny, "minds me ob de twins. Ony dere nebber was as han'some boys as de twins, cert'nly; and dese is homely."

Aunt Beeny is an old colored woman who is dozing out her few remaining days in an old cabin in Accomac county, Va. Her wool is white as cotton and there are countless wrinkles on her small yellow face. But her little figure is erect as when she was a girl of 16.

She sits all day in her chair at the door in the sun, looking at the sea, and the deserted fields, and the deserted quarters which once were filled with her brothers, children and kinsfolk. She alone is left. But the strangers who now own the old plantation are kind to her.

It is not hard to persuade her to talk of "the twins." Every child she sees reminds her of them. They are childhood itself in Beeny's mind.

"Dah was jes' two of 'em—Marse John an' Marse Charles. Mis' Jenny nebber had but dem two chillun—I was her maid when she got mah-yed. So when de twins come she say Sukey an' Prue dey kin take care ob de chillun, but Beeny has de rule ober dem all. She speaks de wold ob de law."

"I tell you dey war lively, dem four—Sukey, Prue an' dem chillun! Marse Charles he war de fo'most—allays cryin' or laughin' or makin' hisself conspic'us. He had big blue eyes 'n curly hair. Marse John war dark an' quiet. You nebber knowed dat chile war thinkin'. But you could read his brudder's heart like a book."

"So's dey growed up, some ob de folks liked de quiet one an' some de noisy one. But t'were cert'nly wonderful how dey stuck togedder—'murrn' each oder an' proud ob each oder. I uster say to Mis' Jenny, 'When one ob my twins dies de oder 'll foller him sho!'"

"Well, so it went on. Dey went to school up to Charlottesville, an' dey brung lots ob oder young ladies an' genelm's fo' vacation, an' it war huntin' an' dancin' an' fun ob all kyinds. But I obsu'v'd dem boys were the mos' intimate frien's ob all."

Not eben de gyrls dey war co'tin come 'tween dem.

"Same way when de old marse died. He lef' de propertty fo' de boys to divide as dey choose an' bofe to care foh Mis' Jenny, dere mudder. Den it war:

"You take de Oak fahm, John."

"No, you take dat 'ar, Charles."

"You shill have de horses an' hounds."

"Do you tink I'm a hound myself! De hosses am yours."

"An' when it come to de old homestead, which bofe ob em lubbed each tried to give it up to the other wid he's heart in he's froat. At las' it war settled dat bofe boys lib in de homestead an' hab a sheer in de mudder in all de home."

"n' we'll bring our wives home, too!" John said laughin'.

"Dey shook han's an' de tears war in dere eyes."

"So it wen on happy an' peaceful, fo' two year."

"Den came de wah, what tore dis ole country into pieces an' brung all de bloodshed. We saw de big boats goin' down Chesapeake bay, an' heard de thunder ob de firin'. Some nights me an' Mis' Jenny, too skeert to go to bed, set up cryin' an' keepin' watch."

"But one night, de wust ob all she comes in from the gyarden, white an' tremblin'."

"Beeny," she whispered, "de boys dey have quarrelled! John done lef' de house an' gone norf!"

"Den I called loud on God to help us. But it as if He had no ears for Beeny dat night, nor nuffin on earth."

"Marse Charles he side wid he's state and Marse John wid de norf, 'n dey prtred after hot words vowin' nebber to speak to each oder agen. Dem twin chillen as war nursed at the same breast."

"Well, de cruel wah drag along. Mis' Jenny she fell wid de poverty an' de terror, an' mo' 'n all wid cryin' fo' her two boys. Fo' one war fightin' under Lee and one under Hancock. But dey nebber met in fightin'—thank God fo' dat. So one day she say to me: 'Beeny I'm tired! I'll not get up any mo'. I'm going to dat oder home. Maybe when my boys come dah dey'll be fren's once mo'."

"An' two weeks after dat I buried her."

"When de wah war ober Marse

Charles war mighty pore. He's people day all free, an' de land sold for nuffin. So he say:

"Good-by, Beeny. I'm goin' away to find wuk. Good by! Yo' de only friend I got lef'."

"I say nuffin, but when he take de train dah I war wid my bundles. 'Wah yo' gwine, Beeny?' he asked."

"Wah I gwine? I gwine take keer ob yo'. Wah else yo' s'pose I'se gwine."

"I say mighty gruff, but my heart was nigh dead wid leavin' de ole place."

"So Marse Charles he got two rooms in de city, an' I kept his chamber neat an' wash an' tidy his clothes. An' when I unpack my bundles I hung up his father's fiddle near his bed."

"An' dat's Mis' Jenny's work-bag, to member you ob her, an' dat's Marse John's picture when he war a boy, to member yo' ob him."

"Oh John!" he said gettin' mighty white an' scowlin'. But I obsu'v'd at nights he'd set lookin' at it long time, widout a woid."

"So time went on. An' one summer dey come a wisperin' 'round de town dat de yaller feber war about."

"An' fo' I knowed, Marse Charles war on de committee takin' keer ob de sick an' de pore, riskin' his life every day. I war mighty mad! Riskin' his life fo' dem po' white trash! Ef I could er picked him up an' carried him out ob de town same as when he war a baby! He tried to pack me off but co'se I wan't goin' to leab de chile!"

"So t'ings growd wuss. De doctors gib out, an' de sisters of charity 'n dah war hardly well folks to bury de dead."

"One day Marse Charles sat mopin' ober de fire."

"I'm only headache," he say, 'I'm goin' out to see dem doctors an' nurses from de norf what hab come down to help us, riskin' dere own lives. God bless dem! Dey is our brudders after all!'"

"But he nebber went out to meet dem. He kep' his bed dat day an' de next an' den de feber showed itself. So one ob de committee come an' say he send a norfem doctor. Dey wan't no oder lef' alive. 'N' in a few minutes I hear a step on de hall. 'N' I got up an' said:

"Thanks be to God Almighty! D'ye think Beeny didn't know her chile's step?"

"I went out an' said, Marse John, its your brudder you've come to save. He took me by de han' tremblin' all ober. But I pushed him in an' shut de do'."

"What dey say I don't know. But when I went in dere war de ole light in der eyes. 'N' it war 'Jack' an' 'Chawley,' an' I knew dere hearts war come togedder."

"But it war too late. Marse Charles died next day in his brudder's arms."

"And John?"

The old woman swallowed a sob.

"He worked among dem dyin' folks a week longer an' den—Well, I nursed him. If you look in de shadiest corner in de ole graveyard, you'll fin' two graves side by side. De twins is lyin' dar peaceful, as when dey was little chillun. I think dey hab found dat home now, wah dey mudder war waitin' fo' dem."

"I reckon," she added, looking up trustfully into the blue heavens, "dey all miss ole Beeny a lot dah."

Washington, June 19.—The president has approved the census deficiency appropriation bill, the act providing for the exportation of fermented liquors in bond without payment of internal revenue tax, and the act amending section 3354, revised statutes.

Gen. James Longstreet was in St. Louis last week, and from an interview with him published in the Globe Democrat, we clip the following:

"No matter what the circumstances under which I went to Richmond," said he, "the reception I received from my old comrades was all that man could desire. All that has been printed. The few days I was in Richmond were full of touching incidents that showed me that comrades in arms never forget each other. I noticed that politicians have a great deal to say about the Confederate flags that were shown there. You should have seen them, those strings to battered staffs. They were reminiscent of stories, of hardship and suffering, of daring and deeds of heroism. The man who would blame an old soldier for being moved at the sight of these old relics would scoff at the tender regard a son has for the ring he wears on his finger as a relic of his dead mother. But politicians do not understand these things. Soldiers do. I am an old man that has seen much of the world and its seamy side, and I am not given to tears, but the boys upset me completely when they surrounded the carriage, and one of them pushed an old bullet-riddled Confederate flag into my hands, and then the rest of them a great big American flag, the flag of the Union, over me and the carriage, and cheered 'Hurrah for Longstreet, and hurrah for the Union.' I think I cried like a little baby. Nobody would think of doing that but soldiers. Please let me say right here that if this government ever wants 500,000 men to defend it, your northern men had better get to Washington in a hurry, or they will find the ranks all filled with southern men."

A Scrap of Paper Saved Her Life

It was just an ordinary scrap of wrapping paper, but it saved her life. She was in the last stages of consumption, told by physicians that she was incurable and could live only a short time; she weighed less than seventy pounds. On a scrap of paper she read of Dr. King's New Discovery, and got a sample bottle; it helped her, she bought a large bottle, it helped more, bought another and grew better fast, continued its use and is now strong, healthy, rosy, plump, weighing 140 pounds. For fuller particulars send stamp to W. H. Cole, druggist, Ft. Smith. Trial Bottles of this wonderful Discovery free at all druggists.

Will Carelton is reported as having recently said: "Other writers of verse have laid great stress on the artistic faculty which many of them have possessed in an eminent degree, but with me the aim has always been first and last to reach the people, and to say those things which would both entertain and make better. I hope I not altogether failed in my efforts. I would rather appeal to the heart of a man than to his intellect."

When the officer was mourning over the trials and troubles of his friend he asked: "Well, why don't you resign?" To which the officer indignantly replied, "No sir, ever; what do you think I am here for?"

What are your jewels and what are your eyes? Ob, girl with the jewelled fingers, Ob, girl with the loveliest eyes! What are your jewels and what are your eyes? Ob, girl with the jewelled fingers, Ob, girl with the loveliest eyes! What are your jewels and what are your eyes? Ob, girl with the jewelled fingers, Ob, girl with the loveliest eyes!

Under such circumstances you would willingly give all your jewels and all your eyes to get the use of that great restorative, Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Thousands of grateful women bless the day when made known to them. For all derangements, irregularities and weaknesses peculiar to women, it is the only remedy, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years. An invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system. For feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon.

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ADRAIN STOCK FARM!

It is with no small degree of pleasure that I present my stock to the public the ensuing season of 1890. And it is with pleasure and gratitude that I look on the satisfactory results of my efforts in improving horses that has proved valuable sellers.

We find that those who have patronized pure bred sires have been highly pleased. With these efforts the present demand for good draft and road horses is much greater than the supply and are likely to be for a long time to come.

My horses are of the best solid colors that can be got. I have choice selections of Draft and Road horses which will be shown to one and all. Parties are invited to examine my stock before breeding elsewhere.

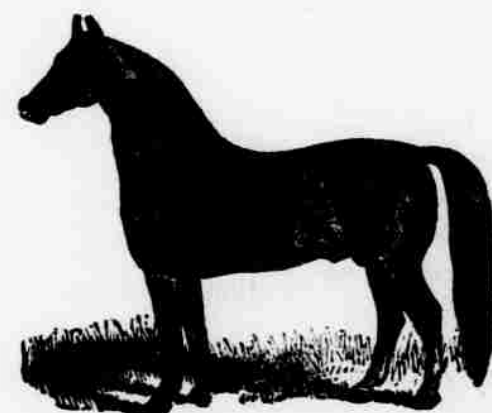
Parties from a distance can be accommodated with pasture for their stock till service is rendered or longer.

Pedigrees will be furnished at barn.

I extend many thanks to my patrons for their liberal patronage of the past.

The following Stock will make the season of 1890 at Adrain Stock Farm.

Standard bred Trotting Stallion, GOLD-DUST ABDALLAH.



(No. 2314)

He is registered in Wallace's Standard Bred Register. Sired Eric Abdallah No. 129, dam of Gold Dust Abdallah Brown Ida by Gold Dust No. 150.

DESCRIPTION:—GOLD-DUST ABDALLAH is a bright bay with small star in forehead with black points, heavy main and tail, is a horse of grand style and carriage on all occasions, long rangy neck, fine head, large eye, and a nice ear very, clean cordy legs with fine easy action, will weigh in fair condition 1225 pounds. The Goldust family of horses is acknowledged to be the handsomest strain of horses in America and this horse has inherited their great beauty to a degree seldom found. Extended pedigree at stable.

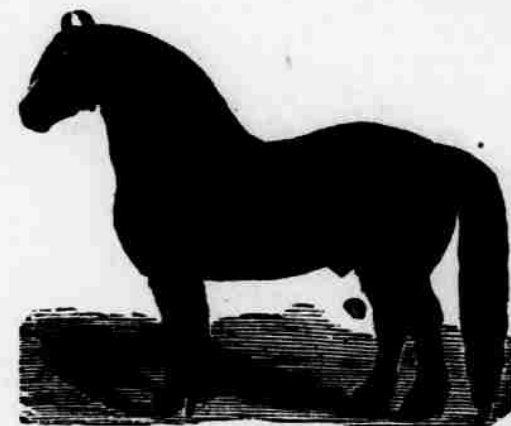
TERMS:—\$20.00 to insure living colt.

WALTER M.

DESCRIPTION:—WALTER M. is a chestnut brown with no white, he is 15 hands high, weighs 1220 in good flesh, is a horse of great muscular substance and perfect symmetry of form, is 7 years old this spring and is without a physical blemish or fault of temper, and is a very promising trotter, with a guarantee of trotting in 2:45 with but little training, sired by Oril Abdallah, Jr., dam was by Old Gurney, half sister to Elie record 2:28 and Harry B. 2:28 and half sister to Leopard Rose, dam Leopard Rose has a record of 2:33 and promises to trot very fast. Extended pedigree at stable.

TERMS:—\$20.00 to insure a living colt.

JOE NAVARE.



JOE NAVARE, Purcheron Norman is a dapple brown, 16 hands 3 inches high, good style and action, small head and ear, heavy main and tail mounts very high in weathers, deep through the shoulders, good hips and stifle heavy cordy legs and is very much admired by all that see him, weighs 1,700.

TERMS:—\$15.00 to insure a living colt. Pedigree at stable.

King of Scotland.

DESCRIPTION:—KING is a mahogany bay, good style and action broad cordy legs, with beautiful form. It is useless to say much for this horse for he is highly appreciated for his breeding which the public all know. Weight 1,600 pounds.

TERMS:—\$10.00 to insure a living colt. Pedigree at stable.

BRILLIANT.

BRILLIANT is black in color, fine style and action, a good breeder and will weigh in good flesh 1,600.

TERMS:—\$8.00 to insure a living colt.

G. N. States, Propr. Adrain, Mo.

McElree's Wine of Cardui and THEODOR'S BLACK-DRAUGHT are for sale by the following merchants in

Bates County. Butler, Mo. Elliot Pyle J. W. Morris Bernhardt & Holt W. J. Lansdown J. W. Anderson Wood & Gilmore M. Otto Smith C. D. Moudy J. N. Brierle J. S. Pierce & Co B. H. Crawford Dr. Wright W. W. Morlan & Co. W. S. Mudd J. W. Chast L. G. Carrollton Jesse Trimble

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR IS A SPECIFIC FOR PAINFUL, PROFUSE, SCANTY, SUPPRESSED, OR IRREGULAR MENSTRUATION. IF TAKEN DURING CHANGE OF LIFE, GREAT DANGER OF SUFFERING FROM THE "BOOK TO WOMAN" IS AVOIDED. "BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR" IS A SPECIFIC FOR PAINFUL, PROFUSE, SCANTY, SUPPRESSED, OR IRREGULAR MENSTRUATION. IF TAKEN DURING CHANGE OF LIFE, GREAT DANGER OF SUFFERING FROM THE "BOOK TO WOMAN" IS AVOIDED. "BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR" IS A SPECIFIC FOR PAINFUL, PROFUSE, SCANTY, SUPPRESSED, OR IRREGULAR MENSTRUATION. IF TAKEN DURING CHANGE OF LIFE, GREAT DANGER OF SUFFERING FROM THE "BOOK TO WOMAN" IS AVOIDED.